
SONNET 304

Verse Forms Class, 1948

Why in the cold and hostile winter day
Should time begin again? Is this new year
A normal birth of any age, or mere
Mechanic cutting—that convenient way
A calendar is made? Oh, rather may
Not every waiting moment newly bear
A century of hopefulness and fear,
For whose maturity we can but pray?
Today, for me, the old year freshly lives
And yet a newer one has come to birth.
The paper map of days is false! Depend
Upon the heart, a truer calendar, that gives
The tides and times for me of heaven and earth.
Now in your love my years begin and end.